

The Secret of Charles Perkins

By: Jill Rowlingson

It was a Sunday with rainy weather. It was getting dark. Nobody was outside. The rain made the only sound heard. Inside Durham Woods, the lights were turned on one after another.

The man was tired, hungry and cold. He was holding an umbrella and a briefcase. He could only think of food and shelter. Nobody knew his secret. He was sure about it. He walked fast and kept on going.

After a quarter or so, he saw the sign that read "Shrlington Inn". He walked faster and arrived at the inn. The door was open. He entered and went to the man sitting behind a large desk with weird decoration.

"Do you have a single room?" He asked. The man behind the desk replied: "Yes. How long will your stay last?"

- "One or two days."

His voice was rough.

The guesthouse owner asked him to show an identification document and fill out a form. He showed his driving license and wrote down his name and personal information on the paper given. When he finished writing, he gave the paper to the owner of the inn and asked "Will you give me the keys of the room, then?!" The man smiled and handed him a key.

The tired traveler took the key and put it in his pocket. Then, he ordered something to eat.

Charles Perkins was thirty-five years old. He was in Durham Woods to meet Edward Morgan Johnson, the great famous banker. Perkins knew what he was going to do and he knew how to do it.

As far as he could remember, he had always been the winner, except for the time when his ex-wife took custody of the children. He could be considered rich. He had many things that other people were jealous of. He was the subject of many people's envy. He had a successful career as chartered accountant. Despite all these, he was greedy and ambitious. He wanted more.

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He was eager to do something greater than the image of him others had. The fact was that he was ready to endanger anything for this.

Charles was confident and relaxed. He was sure that the secret which was about to make him incredibly rich was unknown to everyone. Nothing could stop him from doing what he was going to do.

He went to bed with dreams about luxurious life that was awaiting him.

The next day began as the last day had finished. It was raining again; and, few people were outside. Charles Perkins got up early and went down stairs to have something as breakfast.

After having breakfast, he paid the bill and gave his passport to the inn owner to make him sure he would come back.

He had an appointment with Edward Morgan Johnson at Mr. Johnson's office at one of his banks in the city center. Therefore, he took his way to the office located on the top of a great tower.

At Mr. Johnson's office, everything was ready for a nice business meeting.

Richard Andrew Perkins was in fact committing fraud. He had counterfeit money, forged payment orders and counterfeit deposit certificates. He had also forged an official document stating that his boss was going to grant him the right to withdraw cash from his accounts and engage in deals and transactions on behalf of him. He knew that at that bank in Durham Woods, he could use his forged documents to empty one of his manager's main accounts.

On his way to Johnson's place, he reviewed past memories. How the success of the company was due to his hard work and great expertise. How his job had caused his wife to get divorced from him. How he worked too much and for too long. His boss never appreciated his outstanding actions. He was the key strategist of company's investments and projects, but his boss always ignored him.

He remembered the time that his boss had made his father, an honest trustworthy middle-class businessman, go bankrupted and how his father lost his credit and reputation; and, how his father died of sadness.

Now, it was the right time for him to take revenge. He could bring justice to action. He could teach his boss who he was.

Perkins entered Johnson's office and negotiated with him. He talked him into giving him the money he demanded. He used his liquidity certificates, as well as other forged documents, to steal from his boss.

Perkins was in the heavens when he left the banker's office. He had so many nice feelings. He was unbelievably glad and bright.

After transferring the money to his account at a bank overseas, he used his other passport to leave the country. He had achieved success but did not know what he could expect. He was sure he had done his job correctly and excellently. He entered the plane and flew away before anyone could understand what he had done.